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How They Tagged the Baron

BY SEWELL FORD.

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huntin' party as that.'

wants to mention."

of ten million francs.

"No Jims nor Joes?" says I.

means two million dollars."

and meanwhile the Baron is waiting.'

Shorty McCabe Tells of the Austrian Baron's Failure to Win Sadie

right. There's no tellin' what's liable to float in here any time. Say, if they don't quit it I'll get to be one of these nervous prostraters, that think themselves sick abed without half tryin'. Sure, I'm just convalescin' from the last shock.

How? Now make a guess. Well, it was this way: I was sittin' right here in the front office, readin' the sportin' dope and takin' me reg'lar mornin' sun- self? Have you made good?" bath, when the door-buzzer goes off, ty pounds of surprise package.

was a beefy sort of gent, with not much neck to speak of, and enough curly black hair to shingle a French poodle. I'd never thought it of Sadie; and if wasted on some of these foreigners?

But what takes my eye most was he was a crusher, sure!

"I have the purpose of finding Proffes-seur McCabby," says he, reading it off'n a card.

"Is it that you are also by the name of Shortee?" says he.
"Shorty for short," says I, "and P. C.

D. on the end to lengthen it out-Physical Culture Director, that stands for. Now do you want my thumbprint, and a snap-shot of my family-tree?" That seemed to stun him a little;

but he revived after a minute, threw out his chest, lifted his silk lid, and says, solemn as a new notary public takin' the oath of office: "I'm Baron

You look it," says I. "Have a "I am," says he, gettin' a fresh start, "Baron Patchouli of Hamstadt and

"All right," says I, "take the settee, How are all the folks at home?' But say, there wa'n't any use tryin' to jolly him into makin' a short cut of it. He'd got his route of parade all planned out and he meant to stick by

"Professeur McCabby-" says he. was runnin' a hackline. Call it Mc-

'One thousand pardons," says he, down and skimmed, it was all about how I was a kind of safety-deposit

"My hopes, my fortune, my happiness, the very breath of my living, it is all with you," says he as a The Baron sa wind-up, hittin' a Caruso pose, arms out, toes in, and his breath comin'

How was that for news from home? I did some swift surmisin', and then I says, soothin' like: "Yes, I know; but of these put away to fill two carts like don't take on about it so. They're all that." Wht, just as you handed 'em over; hly I asked me friend the Sarge to burnt a hole through his gloves. lock 'em up till vou called. We'll walk around and see the Sarge right away." "Ah!" says he, battin' his noble brow, into the family pocketbook. "you do not comprehend. You make to

the adorable Sadie.' that was?"

Drowsy Drops family just in time to such things grow. Broadway bank. Yes, that one. And mind whether to give the Baron at "Why, what's up, Shorty?" says he, make it clear to him." you remember how me and Pinckney landed her in the swell push and got her headed up Newport way? "If you've got credentials from Sa-

"die," says I, "it's all right. Now, what's doing? Does she want me to match samples, or show you the sights along

the White Lane?"
"Ah, the adorable Sadie!" says he rollin' his eyes, and puffin' out his cheeks like he was tryin' the lungtester. "I drive with her, I walk with her, I sit by her side-one day, two day, a week. Well, what happens? I myself: 'You! You are of the noble your mother is a grand duke; you must Then again I see Sadie. I have no longer pride; but only I luff. It is enough. I ask of her: 'Madam Deepworth, where is the father of you?' She say he is not. 'Then the uncle of you?' I demand. She say: 'I'm shy on uncles.' 'But to who, then,' I ask, 'must I declare my honorable I go to M. Pinckney. "Tell me,' I say, where is to be found one Shorty Mc-Cabe?' And he sends me to you. I date."

am come." On the level, now, it went like that. Maybe I've left out some of the frills, gellan in a rowboat in half a da; but that was the groundwork of his remarks.

"Yes," says I, "you're a regular comehanded you a josh. She's equal to it." there, teeterin' up and down on his that six months ago I would'nt have patent leathers, and grinnin' like a believed it. Now, I'll swallow any-

"I say," says I, "she's run you on a sidin', dropped you down a coal-hole.

der if I hadn't been a little too sure about Sadie. There's no tellin', when when it hit me that perhaps, after all. she'd made up her mind to tag this knocked the ashes from his pine and there with sails. Ol' Magellan himself, was celebratin' the Fourth of July. Inntic. Still no brig. Captain Jim was one from Austria, you could have fried refilled, "we had to be. There was an you remember, didn't have any steam They certainly wanted us bad. We mightily pleased with himself then, you an egg on me anywhere.

Did you shut the hall door? That's | "Look here, Patchouli," says I. "Is this straight about you and Sadie? Are

you the winner?" "Ah, the adorable Sadie!" says he comin' back to earth and slappin' his solar plexus with one hand. "We've covered that ground," says I "What I want to know is, does she

cotton to you?" "Cot-ton? Cot-ton?" says he, humpin' his eyebrows like a French ballad singer.

"Are you the fromage?" says I. "Is she as stuck on you as you are on your-

He must have got a glimmer from and in drifts about a hundred and nine- that; for he rolls his eyes some more, breathes once like an airbrake bein There was a foreign label on it, all cut out, and says: "Our luff is like right; but I didn't know until later twin stars in the sky-each for the oth-that it read "Made in Austria." He er shines."

He was well colored, too. Beats the she sent you down here on approval, cars, don't it, the good health that's you can tell her I'm satisfied, if she

I figured that would jar him some. his trousseau. Say! he was dressed but it didn't. He looked as pleased as to the minute, from the pink in his though I'd told him he was the ripest the mother-of-pearl berry in the box, and before I knew gloves; and the back of his frock-coat what was comin' he had the long-losthad an in-curve such as your forty-fat brother tackle on me, and was almost sisters dream about. Why, as far as weepin' on my neck, spluttering joy in lines went, he had Jimmy Hackett and seven different kinds of language. Just seven different kinds of language. Just Robert Mantell on the back shelf. Oh, then Swifty Joe bobs his head in through the gym door, springs that gorilla grin of his and ducks back.

"Break away!" says I. "I don't want to spoil the looks of anything that Sa-"If you mean McCabe," says I, "I'm die's picked out to frame, but this thing has gone about far enough. If you're glad, and she's glad, then I ain't got any kick comin'. Only don't rub it in." Say, it was like talkin' to a deaf man, sayin' things to the Baron.

"She is mine, yes?" says he. "I have your permission, Professeur McCabe?" "Sure," says I. "If she'll have you, take her and welcome.

Now you'd thought that would have satisfied him, wouldn't you? But he acted like he'd got a half-arm jolt on the wind. He backed off and cooled down as if I'd chucked a pail of water over him.

"Well," says I, "you don't want it in writin', do you? I'm just out of permit blanks, and me secretary's laid up with bad case of McGrawitis. If I was you I'd skip back and keep my eye on Sadie. She might change her mind." The Baron thought he'd seen a red flag, though. He put in a worry period

that lasted while you could count fifty. Then he forks out his trouble. not possible that I have mistake, is it?" says he. "I am learn that Madam "Don't," says I. "You make me feel it?" says he. "I am learn that Madam like I'd been translated into French and Deepworth is—what you call—one heir-

See? I'd been sort of lookin' for that; and there it was, as plain as a real esand tries again. This time he gets it— late map of Gates of Paradise, Long almost, and I lets him spiel away. Oh, Island. Me bein' so free and easy with mamma! but I wish I could say it the tellin' him to help himself had thrown way he did! It would let me on the up a horrible suspicion to him. Was it Proctor circuit, if I could. But boiled true that Sadie's roll was real money, And say, long's it was up to me to vault for everything he had to live write her prospectus, I thought I might as well make it a good one.

"Do you see that mevin' van out The Baron saw it.

"And have you been introduced to these?" I says, flashin' a big, wristsize wad of tens and fives. Oh, he was acquainted, all right.

"Well," says I, "Sadie's got enough

tle time out to picture himself dippin'

Course, it wa'n't any of my funeral, laugh. And me, I come to you from but when I thinks of a sure-enough live you're a mind to name. the adorable Sadie."

one, like Sadie, that I'd always sup"Sadie?" says I. "Sadie Sullivan posed had a head like a billiard table, hand. "You found him, eh? Hello, no matrimonial referee, am I?"

"Hello!" says he, givin' the Baron a come hollerin' about it to me for? I'm from a visitor's card at a second-rate was mine for keeps. I could hang him downtown club, to the kind of folks out for a sign, or wire a pan to him. gettin' daffy about any such overstuff- Shorty. Got it all fixed; have you?" ed frankfurter as this specimen, I felt I?—the girl I used to know when her like some one had shoved a blue quarble property again. They don't squint too close at shop after strap oil. He'd got his eyes mother ran a prune dispensary, and ter on me. Worst of it was, I'd held me?"

A special sessions judge. "Baron," says again. They don't squint too close at shop after strap oil. He'd got his eyes he, callin' over to Patchouli, "I forgot to mention that our friend, the property of the said he didn't, honest.

The said he didn't, honest.

The said he didn't, honest.

connect with a mournin' outfit and a I was gettin' rawer to the touch every bunch of money that would start a minute, and was tryin' to make up my things ain't liable to happen to him."



Beggin' her to fly with him and be his'n.

an' leave him to dislocate his neck try- and told him to go in and win?"

hand," says I, "and lead him off where pean system of conducting such af- the girl that's got 'em. He don't lose sort of Santa Claus that didn't

Fetch him? Why, his fingers almost quick run down the stairs, or go off "Haven't you given him your blessing, Well, he did, and a lot more. It seems things, Shorty, and as I have an ap-"Ah-h-h!" says he, and takes a lit- in' to see the small of his back in the "Switch off!" says I. "I've heard where Sadie and Pinckney had been do- the Baron with you. So long!" and he mirror; when in comes Pinckney, with enough of that from the Baron to last in' the week-end house party act. He'd gives me the wink as he slides out. that little sparkle in his eyes that I've me a year. What's it all about, any-been travelin' on that handle of his, come to know means any kind of sport way? Suppose he has laid his plans makin' some broad jumps and quick I couldn't see just why it was, but the to miznerize Sadie; what's he want to shifts, until he'd worked himself up, Baron had been passed up to me.

"Say," says I, pullin' Pinckney over ney inside; but he put up a front like don't come back until the snow flies was, as a new boy sent to the harness Then take your fat friend by the fessor, doesn't understand the Euro- is about the Drowsy Drop dollars and else. He must have sized me up as

that the Baron was a ringer in the set pointment at twelve-thirty. I'll leave

Row wuxtree boy does to a turkey | "So you want to take out a license, drumstick at a newsies' Christmas dindo you?" says I, comin' a Mr. Smooth ner, and for Pinckney and the rest of play

"If the professeur would be so 'em it was as good as a play. oblige," says he.
"Oh, sure," says I. "That's my steady "Huh!" says I. "You're easy pleased, ain't you? But I want to tell you that it grouches me a lot to think job. A marriage license, eh?

that Sadie'd fall for any such wad-I had a nineteenth-story view of the scheme he'd built up. He means to go back heeled with the permit from me, with the little matter of the two million "What ho!" says Pinckney. "Here's complication that we hadn't suspectready all cinched, and the weddin' pahow he can lose. And I suppose he Shorty. However, what's done is done, thinks he can buy a marriage license "It wouldn't surprise me none," says

say, what kind of a steer is it that brings him to me? I ain't got that Pinckney goes on to say as how the foreign style of negotiatin' for a girl the tumbler. Then I walks up to the is more or less of a business proposi- Baron and taps him on the chest.

tion; and that Sadie, not havin' any old folks handy to make the deal, and mayastonish the natives." be not havin' the game clear in her own It took me about two hours, chasin' mind, shoves him my way, just off-"To be sure." says Pinckney, "what-

ever arrangements you may happen to make will not be binding, but they will But I didn't grudge the time. satisfy the Baron. So just act as if you had full authority, and we'll see if Jimmy is, and when he'd got next, there are any little details that he he threw in a lot of flourishes just Sure enough, there was. He handed tipped him a dime.

em to me easy; oh, nice and easy! He didn't want much for a starterjust a trifle put within easy reach before the knot was tied, a mere matter "The Baron is accustomed to reckon-

ng in francs," says Pinckney. "He "Two million cases?" says I, catchin' my breath. Well, say! I had to take another look at him. If I could think

as well of myself as that I wouldn't "Patchouli," says I, "you're too modest. You shouldn't put yourself on the bargain counter like that.'

The Baron looks like I'd said some thin' to him in Chinese. "The professor thinks that demand is quite reasonable, considering all

things," says Pinckney. And that went with the Baron. Then he has to shake hands all round, same's if we'd signed terms for a championship go, and him and Pinckney gets under way for some private high-ball factory over on the avenue. I wa'n't sorry to lose 'em. Somehow, I wanted to get my mind on something

Well, I put in a busy mornin', trying to teach blocks and jabs to a couple of youngsters that thinks boxin' is a kind of wrist exercise, like piano-playin', and I'd got a pound or so off a nice plump ball and stunts like that. I was still feelin' a bit ugly and wishin there Pinckney again.

"Has he made up his mind that he wants my wad, too?" says I to Pinek-

"No," says he. "The Baron has discovered that up where Sadie is staying the law requires a prospective bride-groom to equip himself with a marriage license. He thinks he'll get one in town and take it back with him Now, as you know all about such

Say, I had my cue this trip, all right. downtown club, to the kind of folks out for a sign, or wire a pan to him. I knew somethin' was ticklin' Finck- that quit New York at Easter and And he was as innocent, the Baron fairs as this. If you'll pardon me, I'll any time after that in makin' up to anything to do between seasons but be

Captain's Guilty Conscience Led

to Fast Trip in Dangerous Waters.

"Meanin' which?" says I.
"Perhaps it would be better to postpers in his inside pocket. Then he does the whirlwind rush at Sadie, and pone that explanation," says he: "but as he dopes it out to himself, figurin' I sympathize with your state of mind, on what a crusher he is, he don't see

most anywhere, same's you can a mon-I, "to hear that that's his trade. But ey order, With that I has a stroke of thought. They don't hit me very often, but when they do, they come hard. I had to go over to the water cooler and grin into

"Patchouli," says I, "you come with me. I'll get you a Romeo outfit that'll

him down to the bureau of licenses, and huntin' up me old side partner, Jimmy Fitzpatrick, that's the main guy there. helped me out a lot. He's a keen one, where they was needed most. He never cracked a smile, either, when the Baron

I didn't let loose of Patchouli until I'd seen him stow away that sealed envelope, and had put him aboard the right train at the Grand Central. Then I went back to the studio lookin' so contended that Swifty struck me for a raise.

That was on a Monday. Long about Thursday I thought I might get word from Pinckney, or some of 'em; but there was nothin' doin'. "Somebody's put Curly Locks .wise,"

thinks I, "or else he's sneaked away to jump off the dock." I didn't have any one on that af-

ternoon; so I was just workin" off a little steam on a punchin'-bag, doing the long roll and a few other stunts. I was getting nicely warmed up, and hittin' the balloon at the rate of about a hundred and fifty raps a minute, when I hears somebody break past Swiftly and roar out: "Where he iss? Let me to him!"

It was the Baron, his mustache bristlin' out like a bottle cleaner, and blood in his eye. "Ha-r-r-r!" says he in real heavy-villain style. "You make me a

"G'wan!" says I over my shoulder. You was born a joke. Sit down and cool off; for it's your next," and with that I goes at the bag again. Say, it ain't much of a trick to fight

the bag, y'know. Most any Y. M. C. A. kid can get a knack of catchin' it ball and stunts like that. I was still on his elbows and collarbone, makin' it drum out a tune like the was somethin' sizable around to take it a Dutch opera. And that's about all out on, when in comes Curly Locks and I was doin', only chuckin' a few extra pounds into it maybe. But if you don't know how easy it is, it looks like a curtain-raiser for manslaughter. And I reckon the Baron hadn't any idea I'd strip as bunchy as I do.

Course, there's no tellin' just what went on in his mind while he stood there. Swiftly says his mouth comopen gradual, like a bridge draw that's eing swung for a tug; and his eyes trian assault-and-battery blood faded out of his face same's the red does in one of Belasco's sunsets. And pretty soon, when I thought my little grandstand play'd had a chance to sink in, throws a good stiff one into the bag, lucks from under, and turns around to sing out "Next!" to the Baron.

But he wa'n't in sight. Pinckney was here, though, and Sadie behind him, ooth lookin' wild.

"Hello!" says I. "Where's Patchou-He was anxious to see me a minute ago." "He seemed anxious not to, when he

bassed us on the stairs just now," says "Did he leave any word?" says I. "He just said 'Bah!' and jumped into cab," says Pinckney.

"He didn't hurt you, did he?" says

"What, him?" says I. "Not that I know about. But I've got this to tell. you, Mrs. Dipworthy; if you put any high value on your new steady, you'd better chase him off this reservation." "Why, Shorty McCabe!" says she,

takin' me by the shoulders and turnin' . them blue eyes of hers straight at me. 'My new steady? That-that woollyhaired freak?" Say, you could have slipped me into the penny slot of a gum machine. Oh, fudge! Piffle! Splash! It's a wonder when I walk I don't make a noise like

a sponge-I take some things in so easy. Is it curious my head never and he cuts in to tell me how things had worked out. And say, do you know what that Patchouli had done?

After I left him he goes back tickled o death, and waits for an openin'. Then one night when they was havin' a big hunt ball, or some kind of swell jinks, he tolls Sadie into the palm-room, drops to the mat on his knees, and fires off that twin-star-luff speech, beggin' her to fly with him and be his'n. As a capper he digs up that envelope, to show her there needn't be any hitch in the programe

What's that?" says Sadie, making a sudden grab and gettin' the goods. With that she lets go a string of giggles and streaks it out into the ballroom. "It is the document of our marriage." says the Baron, makin' a bold bluff.

"Oh, is it?" says she, openin' the thing up, and reading it off. "Why, Baron, this doesn't give you leave to narry any one," says Sadie; "this is peddler's license and here's the badge. too. If you wear this you can stand on the corner and sell shoe-laces and collar-buttons. I'd advise you to go do

It was while the crowd was howling and pinnin' the faker's tag on him that e began to froth at the mouth and tell now he was comin' down to make mincemeat of me.

That's why we followed him," says Pinckney-"to avert blodshed." 'If he had so much as touched you, Shorty," says Sadie, "I would have spent my pile to have had him sent up for life. "Oh, it wouldn't have cost that

much," says I. "With me thinkin' the way I did then, maybe there wouldn't have been a whole lot left to send." Ah, look away! I ain't tellin' what Sadie did next. But say, she's a hum-The spring suit which he got last year. min'-bird, Sadie is.

CHASE THROUGH STRAITS

down one side and up the other is goin' the passenger from Kankakee, after Austrian blood; the second cousin of the party in the smoking compartment had settled all the technical and tac-

"Now I always had an idea," went what-you-may-call-it, down there in Brazil, was about the size of Peoria, Ill., and about two centuries behind passion?' 'Oh,' she say, 'tell it to Jefferson City, Mo. Now, by jinks, Shorty McCabe.' Ha! I leap, I bound! find out that she's got a million of find out that she's got a million o' people, an' don't stand back even for Chicago, when it comes to bein' up to

"Yes, and I always supposed could flit through the Straits of Masaid the red-headed man, in the corner. That's the way it looks on the map. But I've just learned that the passage I guess the adorable Sadic has is 400 miles long. Just think of it! Almost as far as from Pittsburg to St. But that got by him. He just stood Louis. Why, if anybody had told me

don't know anythin' about," remarked travel on the regular lines. Captain a girzzled old chap, who had taken no line was to be bothered with a grizzled old chap, who had taken no line was to be bothered with a know thought come we was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was a grizzled old chap, who had taken no line was to be bothered with a know thought come we was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was a grizzled old chap, who had taken no line was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was in ger than a mill pond, and the mountains rose up all around, but we was the complete was t He goes on grinnin' and teeterin', like part in the previous conversation. "A sick passenger, or any kind of a pashe was on exhibition in a museum and man can learn from books, but it's senger, for that matter, when he was long, so without hesitatin' a bit he was the audience. Then he goes a ticklich or alliter by the state of the state of the state of the was long, so without hesitatin' a bit he was lo I was the audience. Then he gets a mighty hard to get things in the right on a ticklish expedition, but somehow stuck the Nancy's nose into the chan-back track, and double the horn, as view of himself in the glass over the proportion until he sees 'em with his the fellow persuaded him, and we nel an' started through. All day long safe there, and begins to pat down his own eyes. Now, there hasn't been any- struck out for the Horn, with this we sailed an' at night we have to, for astrakhan thatch, and punch up his thin, surprisin' to me about this trip stranger, who was called Hardy, in the you've got to have daylight in that puff tie, and dust off his collar. Ever everybody's talkin' so much about, for cabin. see one of these peroxid cloak models I've been over the line myself. I went doin' a march past the show windows through that blame' corkscrew channel don't go through the Magellans. It's a dark. Next mornin' we went on an' doin' a march past the show windows on her day off? Well, the Baron had once; went through it lickitysplit, withough that blame corkscrew channel don't go through the Magellans. It's a we was beginnin' to think we'd given the best weather; but, at the He was ornamental, all right, and it wo'n't any news to him, either.

About then, though, I begins to won- alive, urless we got out and walked."

About then, though, I begins to won- alive, urless we got out and walked."

Alive, urless we got out and walked." all those motions and a few of his own. out stoppin' anywhere for receptions; "Why were you in such a hurry?" narrow a sailin' vessel has a hard time inquired the red-headed man in the to manoover. Then the winds that the Nancy. Also some cusswords from shore—the strait's wide there, it comes to women, you know; and corner, just to draw the glizzly out. come through that channel is some- the skipper. An' the brig was shakin' know, an' the next day we rounded

mostly young fellows—that was a long at the signals. If they'd a-had an hour she'd stand. time ago, you understand—and we or two more time they'd have over-wasn't interested in details o' that kind hauled us right there, I guess, but it dark come. It was a desperate chance, so long as there was plenty o' grub an' came dark pretty soon, an' then the but he took it. An' it wasn't so des-

was shippin' the sugar came aboard from 'em before mornin'. was shippin the sugar came appared with a man who looked like he had one with a man who looked like he had one was off the western entrance to the and bays in the Magellans, and Shadfort in the grave, and made arrange-was off the western entrance to the

other ship a-chasin us, an' they seemed with him.

foot in the grave, and made arrange- was off the western entrance to the ments with Captain Jim to take the Magellians, an' as soon as the big ship the dark that night he swang into a sick man around to Buenos; said he was hid by the darkness the skipper "There's a heap o' things in this had just time to get there, and he had headed straight for that hole in the world that people who stay at home private reasons for not wantin' to wall. When daylight come we was in come to anchor. It wasn't much bigstrip o' water. It ain't safe for even "You know, sailin' vessels, as a rule, a steamer to run through there in the

"Well," said the old fellow, as he thin' fierce. Still, you can go through out flags and shootin' off guns like she Cape Virgin and sailed out into the Attwisted around a bend an' lost sight of bet.

"We was goin' south at a pretty her, but before we could reach another | "But just then a storm struck us. I This little trip o' Bob Evans' fleet see, we was knockin' aroun' them wa- lively gait, for us. The Nancy wasn't turn she was on the same stretch a- was a regular ring-tail twister. It carters in a little 300-ton schooner, pickin' so overly swift, but ol' Shadrac was a signalin' again. Captain Jim wouldn't ried off all the canvas, snapped our up a cargo wherever we could an' tak- master sailor, an' he could push that pay no attention to the signals, masts like they was matches, troke to learn us Americans a lot o' geogra- in' it wherever it was wanted an' no boat along about as fast as the next Wouldn't look to 'em, an' he wouldn't our rudder and got four of our men am charm, I am fascinate, I am become her slave. I make to resist. I say to phy, if it don't do anything else," said questions asked. Jim Shadrach was one, an' when it come to dodgin' there answer him. Just kept buzzin' along, We was helpless as a cork, an for the skipper, and the boat was his own. wasn't anybody could beat him. Dodg- tackin' just as little as possible an' four days we cavorted around that When it was at home at Gloucester it in' was always his long suit. Well, as getting over water as fast as he could. ocean just holdin' on to whatever was known as the Nancy Bell, but ev- I was sayin', we was makin' for the We had a little more advantage in the seemed nailed down tightest. Then all ery once in a while when it was below Horn as spry as we could, when, one channel, for, bein' smaller, we had of a sudden the rain stopped, the wind tical questions involved in the great the line Jim would give it a new name. day, a big bunch o' canvas come into more elbow room than they did, but died down, the sun came out, an' it's a Just at that time he was callin' it El sight behind us. An' it was comin' still the brig was faster than we was, mighty hard thing to believe, but it's Printo, which means 'pretty soon.' We some. It wasn't long until we could an' if it hadn't been that Captain Jim on the man from Kankakee, 'that Rio Slipped into a little port down below see it was a brig, an' it carried a was such a dodger, they'd a' caught that didswizzled brig, lookin' as fr-sh Valparaiso one night and took on a Union Jack. Captain Jim wasn't feel- us sure that day. It was about the an' chipper as if she'd just been takin lot o' barrels o' stuff which we was to in' sociable, and he put on all sail to excitinest bit o' sailin' I ever experi- her morning bath. They spied us as carry 'round to the other side an' land get out o' the big fellow's way; but she enced, for it looked every minute like somewhere in the Argentine. It was was faster than we was, an' pretty we was goin' on the rocks on one side supposed to be sugar, but it wasn't. I soon she fired a gun an' commenced or the other. Ol' Shadrach didn't have 'em this time. We had to wait and never did really know what it was, for makin' signals. The skipper was mad no notion o' surrenderin', though. It Captain Jim wasn't in the habit of as a wet hen. He didn't want to have was a mighty serious thing for him to cemin'. In about half an hour one of talkin' out loud. But that didn't make any conversation just then, and he be caught. At least he thought it was. their officers came alongside in a hoat any difference to the erew. We was wouldn't even take the glass to look An' he pushed the Nancy along for all an' boarded us.

captain made up his mind to get away perate, either, as we thought it was. for he knew what he was about an' we didn't. There's all kinds o' inlets the dark that night he swung into a little pocket on the north side an' wouldn't. He'd come through the worst

part o' the channel already, an', jinks, he was goin' the rest o' the way or go to the bottom. An' that's what

fact, there, not over a mile away, was seon as we saw them, an' they made for us. We couldn't get away from take our medicine, an' it wasn't long 'Is this the Pronto?' he says, firs "'It was,' said Captain Jim, brokenhearted. " 'Have you got a passenger named Hardy?' he says. "Say, we'd clean forgot about that fellow. He hadn't stuck his nose out o the cabin since we started.

> do you want with him?" "'Well,' said the officer of the brig you're a fine lot o' sailors, you are the southern hemisphere just to delive a message. We've been signalin' at voi and shootin' at you an' runnin' after you from ocean to ocean, just to det an' that he's the Baron of Boomtarara or somethin' or other, an' they wan him to come home. It seems to me sir,' he says to Captain Jim, 'that you got a mighty mean disposition or AS THINGS LOOK TO THEM.

"'We have,' says Captain Jim. 'What

(Chicago Record-Herald.) Pa says that things look very dark,

But ma keeps hopeful right along; She says there's no use feelin' blue For right will triumph over wrong Ma's got a lot of fine new clo's And all her words are full of cheer; guess that no will have to wear